



An Anthology by

THE REVEREND GEORGE WOODWARD, Mus. Doc.

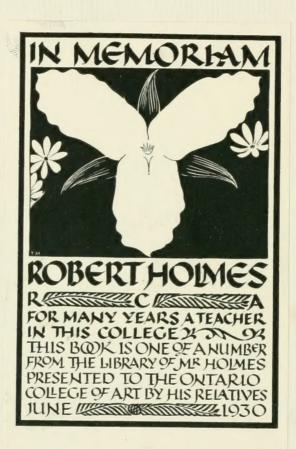
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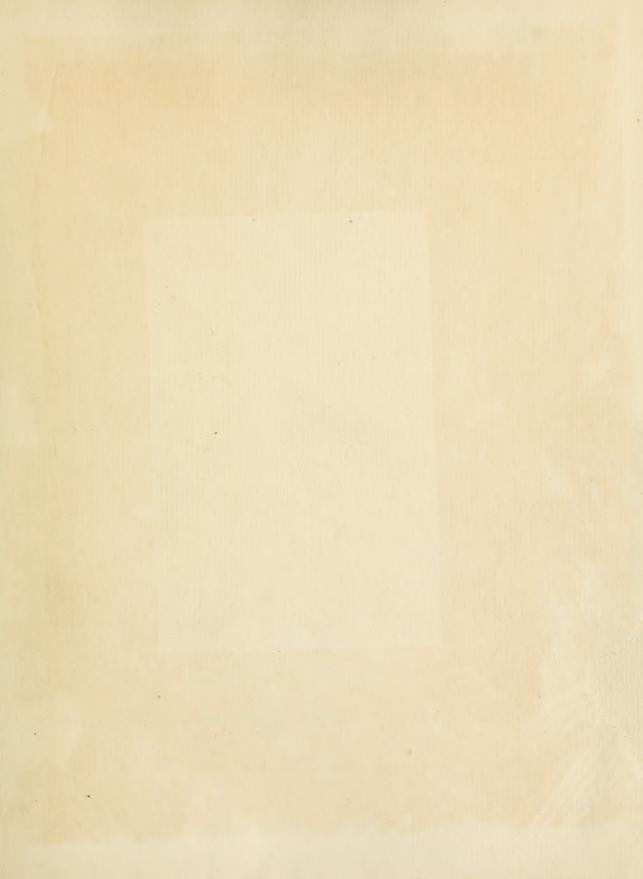
PICTURES AFTER THE GREAT MASTERS

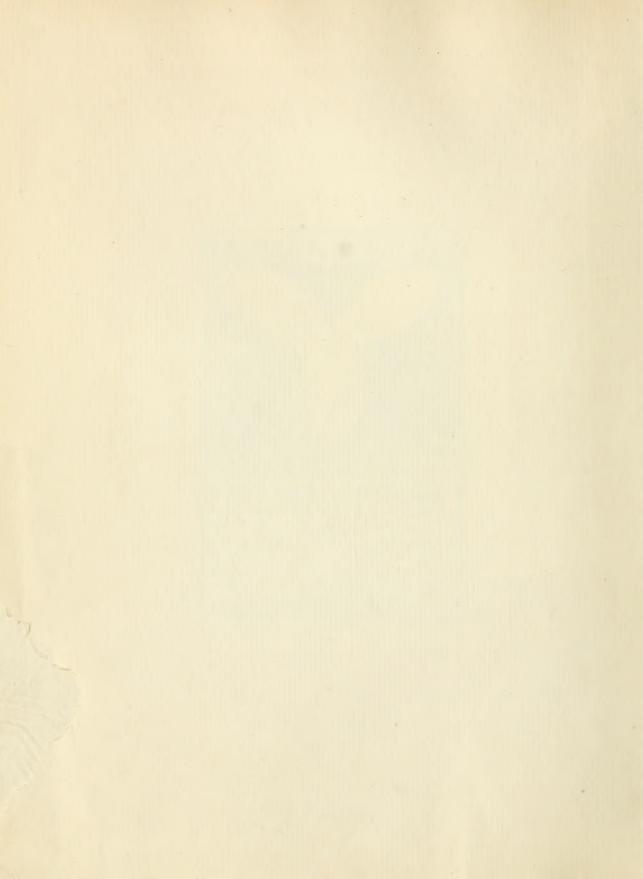
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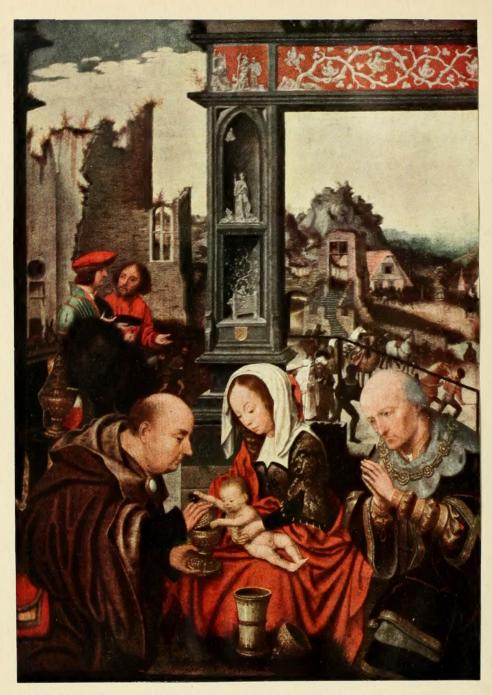




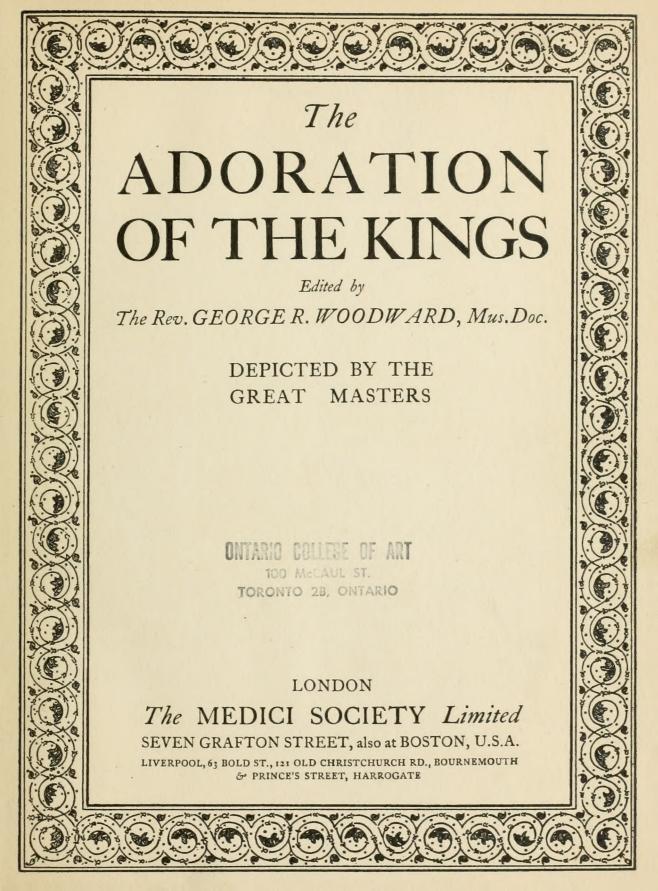


# THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS

ONTARIO SOLLEGE OF ART 100 Medaus St. IORONTO 28, ONTARIO



After MOSTAERT
(Amsterdam, Rijks eMuseum)

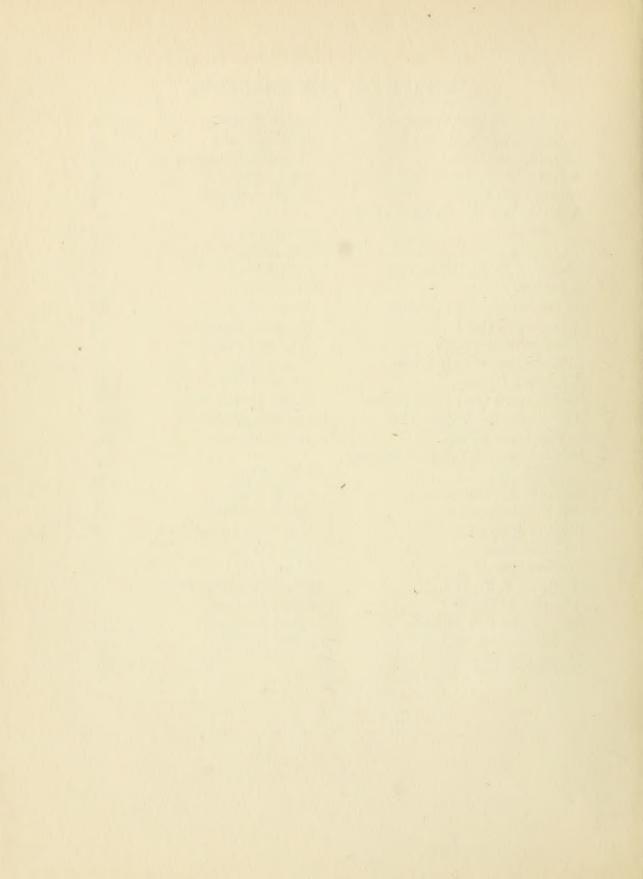


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MADS AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND

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# A LIST OF THE PLATES

### THE PROCESSION OF THE KINGS TO BETHLEHEM

details from the frescoes by Gozzoli in the Riccardi Palace, Florence

Facing page

BENOZZO GOZZOLI was born at Florence in 1420. He was a pupil of Fra Angelico. The city of Pisa contains his greatest work, the frescoes in the Campo Santo, which took sixteen years to complete. His best works in Florence are the frescoes representing The Procession of the Magi, which are still in brilliant condition on the walls of the Riccardi Palace; three details from these frescoes are reproduced in this volume. Benozzo must be regarded as one of these great masters of the Renaissance, and he excelled in the three unities of his calling—composition, drawing and colour.

### THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS

### After Mostaert

Frontispiece

JAN MOSTAERT was born at Haarlem about the middle of the fifteenth century. Very little is known of his life, but he was undoubtedly celebrated and esteemed as a painter of portraits and historical subjects. Unfortunately a great many of his works were lost in the great fire of Haarlem in 1571, some fifteen years after his death, which took place in that city.

### After Dürer

Cover

ALBRECHT DÜRER was born in Nuremberg in 1471. As a draughtsman and engraver in wood and metal Dürer has no peer; while as a painter he takes rank only after the greatest of the world's masters. His astonishing youthful genius may be observed in the well-known drawing of himself in Vienna which he accomplished at the age of thirteen. He died in 1528 in his native city, having throughout his life fully obtained that recognition all over Europe to which his great talents entitled him.

### After Fra Angelico

10

GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE, known to the world as Fra Angelico, was born at Vicchio in 1387. He became a Dominican friar at Fiesole in 1407, and probably began his career as an artist in the illuminations of missals. His splendid series of frescoes in the monastery of San Marco, in Florence, testify to his greatness. He died in Rome in 1455.

### After Fabriano

т6

GENTILE MASSI was commonly called Gentile da Fabriano, and received this name on account of his connection with Fabriano, where he was probably born. Very little is known of him, and even the dates of his birth and death are but conjectural. He was certainly working at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, and is known to have painted in Rome, Venice and Florence.

### After Masaccio

22

TOMMASO GUIDI MASACCIO was born at Castel San Giovanni di Valdarno in 1401, and belongs to the Florentine school. He worked in Rome and was admired by Michelangelo. His best-known works, which are still extant, are probably the frescoes he painted for the Carmine Church in Florence. He died at Rome at the early age of twenty-six.

### After Botticelli

28

SANDRO BOTTICELLI was born in Florence about the year 1475. His father's name was Mariano Filipepi, and Sandro's real name was Alessandro Filipepi. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith named Botticelli, and thus came to be known by the name he has made so famous. Botticelli became the favourite painter of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and for him Botticelli painted his two most famous pictures, "The Allegory of Spring" (in the Academy, Florence) and the "Birth of Venus" (in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence). Botticelli died in 1510, and was buried in the Church of Ognissanti.

# A LIST OF THE PLATES—continued

### THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS

Facing page

After Correggio

34

ANTONIO ALLEGRI was born at Correggio (whence his name) in 1494. In spite of the great reputation he achieved, scarcely the bare outlines of his life are known. Correggio does not appear to have been well known among his contemporaries, but it is known that he painted in his native town and also in Parma. His first recognised authentic picture is the altarpiece painted for the Convent of San Francesco at Correggio, now preserved in the Dresden Gallery. He died in his native town in 1534.

### After Brueghel

42

PIETER BRUGEHEL, the Elder, so called to distinguish him from his son, was born near Breda in the first half of the sixteenth century. He was chiefly known as a painter of Flemish peasants and peasant subjects. His works are rare and he is ranked as one of the greatest painters of the North of the sixteenth century. He died at Brussels in 1569.



# INTRODUCTION ...

ROM earliest times The Adoration of the Kings has been a favourite subject in sacred Art. Witness the mural paintings in the catacombs outside Rome; the frescoes and pictures, in oil or tempera, on wood or canvas, the handiwork of the great masters of the Byzantine, Italian, Flemish, French, Spanish or German Schools; the mosaic work: the altarpieces, of wood, stone or alabaster; the carved ivory statuettes preserved in our museums; the colouring on majolica or enamel ware; the block-books, wood-cuts, and metal-cuts of our early printed tomes; the illuminated manuscript Books of Hours: the altar-frontals, chalice-veils, tapestries and embroidered needlework; the work of the gold- or silver-smith. All this to prove the hold that the Feast of the Epiphany had taken on the hearts and minds of Christian men. Nay, old records inform us that at banquets, held at this season, there would stand on the high table in hall, a curious confection of sugar, a "soteltee," as it was called, of "Our Lady presented by the Kinges of Colevn."

Neither have our Church Musicians and Poets been found lacking in devotion to the Kings and their Star.

Although it had been easy to find plenty of good Carols by none but English writers, contemporary with the great Italian and Flemish Painters (some of whose work is reproduced in this volume) it was considered advisable rather to make the letterpress work representative of Carols, or Poems, down from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, in order that the reader might compare for himself the character, spirit, and merits of the various pieces chosen, and form his opinion accordingly.

Little, or nothing further, need here be said, except perhaps the few following observations:

The Carols on pages 1, 9, 37 and 47 are composed by

B ix

Robert Southwell, a martyr for his faith, being hung, drawn and quartered at Tyburn.

On page 6, Fairest of fairest days was written by Thomas Pestel, one of K. Charles the Martyr's chaplains.

On pages 16 and 22, the Carols from the Sloane MS. 2593 deserve praise: so does the Baliol MS. No. 354, Carol (on p. 28). The latter is extremely graphic; and the composer surely wrote it from his vivid recollection of some scene in a Christmas Pageant, or Mystery Play.

The Carol on page 41 refers apparently to some representation, proper of the season, of Father Christmas, The Holy Child, and of each of the other Saints whose festivals fall between December 25th and February 2nd.

But of all the contributors of these Carols or Poems, however diverse, sacred or secular they may be, it must be noticed that each of the Authors, in his generation, have been actuated by the self-same desire; viz. to magnify the Grace of "God, who by the leading of a Star did manifest his only-begotten Son to the Gentiles." The things of the Epiphany are not only a beautiful episode in the early life of our Saviour Jesus, but more than that. As to our Christian ancestors, so they are to us.

They came to worship the Babe of Bethlehem; in him with the eye of faith they saw "God manifest in the flesh": that God, who in the latter days "did show himself upon earth and conversed with men" (Baruch iii. 37).

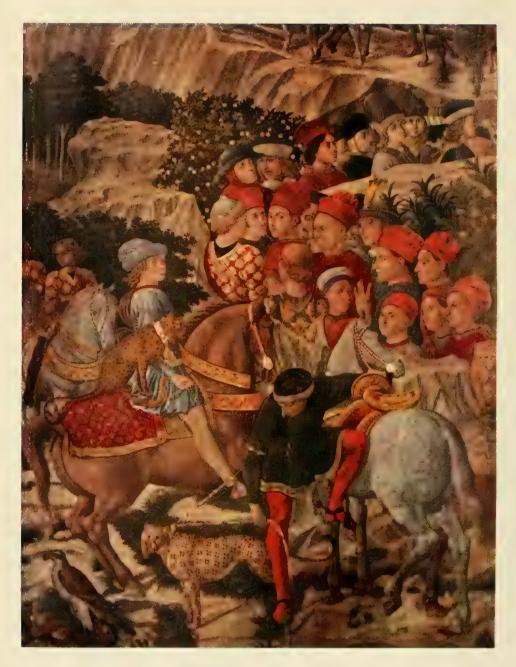
The Star went leading on from East to West:
The Wise men follow'd, till they saw it rest
In Bethlehem.

Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold they bring, To hail the God, the Mortal, and the King In Bethlehem.

With three-fold gifts the Three-fold God they praise, Who thus vouchsafed the sons of man to raise In Bethlehem.

From Congaudeat turba fidelium, translated by J. M. Neale. G. R. W.

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS



THE PROCESSION OF THE KINGS (Figure 1)
(After Gozzoli, Riccardi Palace, Florence)

# MEW HEAVEN, NEW WARRE

OME to your heaven, yowe heavenly quires, Earth hath the heaven of your desires; Remove your dwellinge to your God, A stall is nowe his best aboade; Sith men their homage do denye, Come, Angells, all their fault supply.

His chilling could doth heate require. Come, Seraphins, in liew of fire. This little ark no cover hath, Let Cherubs' winges his body swath: Come, Raphiell, this babe must eate, Prouide our little Tobie meate.

Let Gabriëll be nowe his groome, That first tooke upp his earthly roome; Let Michell stand in his defence, Whom love hath linckd to feeble sense: Let Graces rocke when he doth crye, And Angells sing his lullybye.

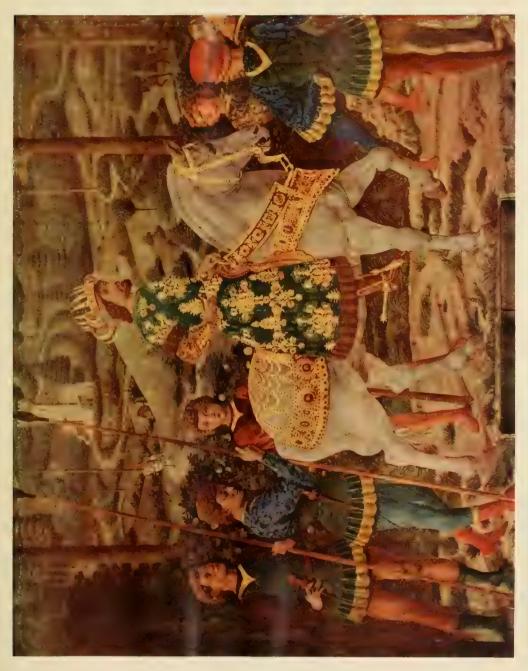
The same yow sawe in heavenly seate Is he that now suckes Marye's teate: Agnize your Kinge a mortall wighte, His borrow'd weede letts not your sight: Come, kysse the maunger where he lies That is your blisse aboue the skyes. The little babe so fewe daies olde Is come to rifle Satan's fould; All hell doth at his presence quake, Though he himself for cold do shake; For in this weake unarmed wise The gates of hell he will surprise.

With teares he fightes and wynnes the field, His naked breste stands for a sheilde: His batt'ring shott are babishe cryes: His arrowes, lookes of weeping eyes: His martiall ensignes, colde and neede: And feeble fleshe his warrier's steede.

His campe is pitchèd in a stall, His bulwarke but a broken wall; The cribb his trench, hay-stalkes his stakes; Of Shepeherdes he his muster makes; And thus, as sure his foe to wounde, The Angells' trumpes alarum sounde.

My soule, with Christ joyne thow in fighte; Sticke to the tents that he hath pight: Within his cribb is sureste warde, This little babe will be thy garde. If thou wilt foyle thy foes with joye, Then flitt not from this heavenly boye.

Robert Southwell (1560-1593).



THE PROCESSION OF THE KINGS (Figure :) (\* Ifter Goussli. Ricardi Palace)



# A LULLING, OR CRADLE-SONG A

WEET was the sounge the Vergin sunge,
When she to Bethlem Iuda came:
And was deleuered of a sonne,
That blessed Ihesus hath to name.
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, sweet babe, sung shee,
My sonne and eke a Sauiour borne,
Who hast vouthsafèd from on highe
To visit us that were forlorn;
La lula, la lula, la lulaby, sweet babe, sung shee,
And rockt him sweetly on her knee.

William Ballet's Lute Book (time of Queen Elizabeth).

## MARCELLUS TO HORATIO

OME sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes Wherein our Sauiour's Birth is celebrated, The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long: And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad, The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike, No Faiery takes, 'nor Witch hath power to Charme: So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

1 talkes (folio, 1623).

Hamlet, Act 1. Sc. j. William Shakespeare (1564-1616).

# A PSALM FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

AIREST of morning lights appear,
Thou blest and gaudy day,
On which was born our Saviour dear.
Arise and come away.

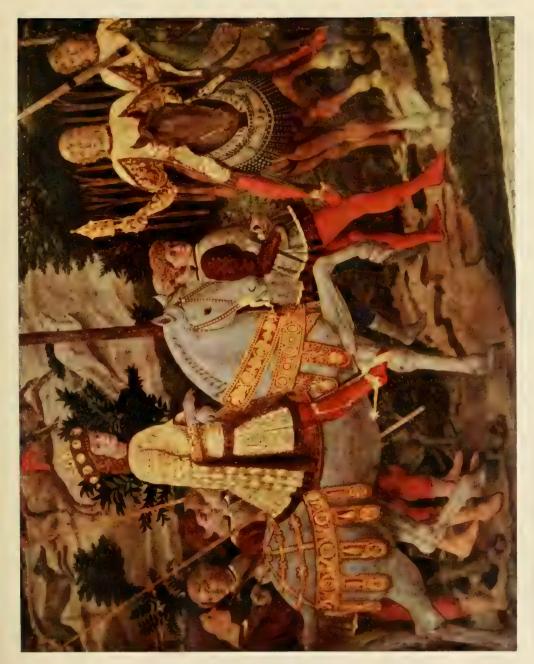
See, see our pensive breasts do pant, Like gasping land we lie; Thy holy dews our souls do want, We faint, we pine, we die.

Let from the skies a joyful rain,
Like mel or manna, fall;
Whose searching drops our sins may drain,
And quench our sorrows all.

This day prevents his day of doom, His mercy now is nigh; The mighty God of love is come, The Dayspring from on high.

Behold the great Creator makes Himself an house of clay; A robe of virgin-flesh he takes, Which he will wear for ay.

Hark, hark, the wise eternal Word, Like a weak infant, cries: In form of servant is the Lord, And God in cradle lies.



THE PROCESSION OF THE KINGS (Figure 3) (After Gozzoli, Ricardi Palace)



This wonder struck the world amazed, It shook the starry frame; Squadrons of spirits stood and gazed, Then down in troops they came.

Glad Shepherds ran to view this sight,
A quire of Angels sings;
And Eastern Sages with delight
Adore this King of kings.

Join then, all hearts that are not stone, And all our voices prove, To celebrate this Holy One, The God of peace and love.

Thomas Pestel (c. 1659).

# A PATREM PARIT FILIA

The bird that built the nest is hatch'd therein:
The old of years an hour hath not out-run.
Eternal life to live doth now begin.
The Word is dumb: the mirth of heaven doth weep,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.

Robert Southwell (1560-1593).

# A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR

SING the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light:
The Angels so did sound it.
And like the ravish'd shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet search'd and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger,
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature:
And, as that Wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe all innocence,
A Martyr born in our defence,
Can man forget the story?

Ben Jonson (1573-1637).



After FRA ANGELICO (Florence, S. Marco)



### THE HYMN

While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies:
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy brim
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

Fohn Milton (1608–1674).

## CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME

EAP on more wood! The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.

And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had roll'd, And brought blithe Christmas back again With all his hospitable train.

D

Domestic and religious rite Gave honour to the holy night; On Christmas Eve the bells were rung: On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung: That only night in all the year Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen: The hall was dress'd with holly green; Forth to the wood did merry men go To gather in the misletoe. Then open'd wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside. And ceremony doff'd his pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes That night might village partner choose; The lord, underogating, share The vulgar game of 'post and pair.' All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight, And general voice, the happy night, That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell

How, when, and where, the monster fell: What dogs before his death he tore. And all the baiting of the boar. The wassail round, in good brown bowls, Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls. There the huge sir-loin reek'd: hard by Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie; Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce. At such high tide, her savoury goose. Then came the merry masquers in, And carols roar'd with blithesome din: If unmelodious was the song. It was a hearty note, and strong. Who lists may in their mumming see Traces of ancient mystery: White shirts supplied the masquerade. And smutted cheeks the visors made: But O! what masquers, richly dight, Can boast of bosoms half so light? England was merry England, when Old Christmas brought his sports agen. 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale; 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

## A LULLABY

Lullay, myn lykyng, my dere sone, myn sweting, Lullay, my dere herte, myn owyn dere derling.



SAW a fayr maidyn sittyn and synge, Sche lullyd a lytyl child, a swetè lordyng.

That echè lord is that that made alle thinge; Of alle lordis he is lord, of allè kynges kyng.

There was mekyl melody at that childes berthe; Alle tho wern in hevene blys they made mekel merthe.

Aungele bryzt thei song that nyzt and seydyn to that child Blessed be thou, and so be sche that is bothe meke and myld.

Prey we now to that chyld and to his moder dere. Graunt hem his blyssyng that now makyn chere.

Sloane MS. 2593.



After G. DA FABRIANO (Florence, Uffizi Gadery)



# A OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR A

I sing thy birth, O Jesu.

Thou pretty baby, born here
With superabundant scorn here:
Who for thy princely port here,
Hadst, for thy place
Of birth, a base
Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures
Of interwoven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodils and roses,
Thy cradle, kingly Stranger,
As gospel tells,
Was nothing else
But here a homely manger.

But we with silks not crewels,
With sundry precious jewels,
And lily-work will dress thee;
And, as we dispossess thee
Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,
Sweet babe, for thee
Of ivorie,
And plaster'd round with amber.

The Jews they did disdain thee;
But we will entertain thee
With glories, to await here
Upon thy princely state here;
And, more for love than pity,
From year to year
We'll make thee here
A free-born of our city.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674).

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL A

Cognouit bos & asinus quod puer erat dominus.

N Twelfth-Day morn, old Christmas-Day, Ere mid-night scarce be past away, 'Tis by our country folk averr'd,

And let no scoffer doubt their word,
That, oft as Yule-time wheeleth round,
The bees in hive, by weather bound,
Hum, only on this night, for mirth,
In worship of our Saviour's birth:
That, as aforetime, even now
Both ox & ass before him bow:—
That, in remembrance of that dawn,
When unto herdmen on the lawn
Good news was by an Angel told,
The sheep, confined within the fold,
Face East-ward, while their kin without
Gang in procession round about:—
That on this night the forster sees
The deer a-falling on their knees:—

That now, for once in all the year,
Our Chapel-clerk, Sir Chanticleer,
Incessantly will sing and say
His Nocturns on till Prime of day,
And, in observant wise, prolong
His Lauds, and merry Mattin-song.
Witness of plants:—The Rose, in time
To bloom at sound of Christmas chime:—
And, (though the earth be draped with snow,
And Boreas ne'er so chilly blow),
Saint Joseph's Glastonbury Thorn,
That yearly flowers on Yule-day morn.

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848).

#### THE SHEPHERD'S SONG A

THAN the fairest day thrice fairer night!

Night to best day in which a sun doth rise

Of which that golden eye, which clears the skies,
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light.

And blessed ye, in silly pastors' sight,

Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies

That heav'n-sent Youngling, holy Maid-born Wight,

Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies.

Blest cottage that hath flow'rs in winter spread,

Though wither'd: blessed grass, that hath the grace

To deck, and be a carpet to that place.''

Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed,

Before the Babe, the Shepherds bow'd on knees;

And springs ran nectar, honey dropt from trees.

William Drummond (1589-1649).

#### MODYR, QHYT AS LYLY FLOWR A

Modyr, qhyt as lyly flowr, Zowr lullyng lassyt my langowr.

My thowth was on a mayde zyng
That song aslep with hyr lullyng
Her dere son, owr Savowr.
Modyr, qhyt as lyly flowr,
Yowr lullyng lassyt my langowr.

As sche hym tok al in hyr lap
He toke that maydyn be the pap,
And tok thereof a ryzt good nap,
And sok hys fyll of that lycowr.

To hys modyr then he gen seye For this mylk me muste deye It is my kynd therewith to playe, Myn swete modyr paramowr.

The maydyn frely gen to syng,
And in hyr song she mad mornynge
That her sone that is owr kynge
Shuld shed hys blod with gret dolowr.

Yor wepyng, modyr, grevyth me sore, But I wold dey, ye wern forlore. Do way, modyr, and wep no mor, Thy lullyng lassyt my langowr.



After MASACCIO (Berlin, Kaiser-Friedrich Museum)



Swych mornyng as the maydyn made
I can not tell in this howr.
Therefor be mery & glade
And make us mery for owr Savowr.

Sloane MS. 2593.

#### A ROCKING HYMN

WEET baby, sleep: what ails my dear?

What ails my darling thus to cry?

Be still, my child, and lend thine ear

To hear me sing thy lullaby.

My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;

Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy father dear:
His holy spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Whilst thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine eldest brother is a King,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear,
For whosoever thee offends,
By thy protector threat'ned are,
And God and Angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes he took delight:
Such innocents as then, my dear,
Are ever precious in his sight.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was he,
And strength-in-weakness then was laid
Upon his Virgin-mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; my baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need

He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.

Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; my baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; my baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay and asses fed;
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
As easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; my baby, sleep.

The wants that he did then sustain

Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee,

And by his torments and his pain

Thy rest and ease secured be.

My baby, then, forbear to weep;

Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast (yet more) to perfect this,

A promise and an earnest got

Of gaining everlasting bliss,

Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.

Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;

Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

George Wither (1588–1667).

#### THE SHEPARD VPON A HILL HE SATT ...

Can I not syng but Hoy,
Whan the ioly shepard made so much ioy?

HE shepard vpon a hill he satt;

And had on hym his tabard & his hat,
Hys tar box, hys pipe and hys flagat¹;
Hys name was called Ioly Ioly Wat.

For he was a gud herde's boy:

Vt hoy,
for in hys pype he mad so mych joy.

The shepard vpon a hill was layd:
Hys dog to hys gyrdyll was tayd:
he had not slept but a lytill brayd<sup>2</sup>
but Gloria in excelsis was to hym sayd. Vt hoy, &c.

The shepard on a hill he stode; Rownd abowt hym his shep they yode<sup>3</sup>; he put his hondes vnder his hode, he saw a star as rede as blode. Vt hoy, &c.

The shepard sayd anon right
I will go se yon farly syght,
Wher as the angel syngeth on hight
& the star yat shyneth so bright. Vt hoy, &c.

Now far well, Mall, and also Will, for my love go ye all still
Unto I cum again you till,
And evermore, Will, ryng well thy bell. Vt hoy, &c.

<sup>1</sup> flagon.

² time.

³ went.

4 wonderful.



After BOTTICELLI
(Florence, Uffizi Gallery)



Now must I go ther cryst was borne. farewell! I cum again to morn.

Dog, kepe well my shep fro ye corn,

& warne well Warroke, when I blow my horne. Vt hoy, &c.

When Wat to Bedlem cum was, he swet, he had gone faster than a pace: He fownd Iesu in a sympyll place, Between an ox & an asse. Vt hoy, &c.

Iesu, I offer to the here my pype, My skyrt, my tar box, and my scrype<sup>1</sup>: Home to my felowes now will I skype, And also lok unto my shepe. *Vt hoy*, &c.

'Now farewell, mine owne herdes man Wat.'
'Yea, for God, lady, even so I hat<sup>2</sup>;
Lull well Iesu in thy lape,
And farewell, Ioseph, with thy rownd cape.' Vt hoy, &c.

'Now may I well both hope and sing, ffor I have bene a cristes beryng:

Home to my felowes now will I flyng.

Cryst of hevyn to his blis vs bryng.' Vt hoy, &c.

Balliol College MS. 354, fol. 224a.

<sup>1</sup> scrip. <sup>2</sup> am called.

#### THIS IS NOW THE WINTER TIME

My merry gentlemen.
Yule logs are burning in your hall,
Fair forms are circling in the ball,
And cups are fill'd with purple wine
To aid the pudding and the chine.
This is now the winter time;
Remember, gentles, then,
That none shall starve while you shall dine;
That none shall thirst who grow the vine.
Yet give no alms in mean award,
But spread the just, the well-earn'd board.
This is now the winter time,
My noble gentlemen.

This is now the winter time,
My reverend clergymen;
Christ came to save in winter time,
And not in summer's sultry prime:
And he your pattern sure must be,
When glows with red the holly tree.
This is now the winter time,

Remember, clerks all, then,
That Christ in winter came to save
Not only souls, but bodies brave.
The bread his Body, and the wine
His Blood. Then spread the feast divine;
This is now the winter time,

This is now the winter time,

My honest working men.

Weave truth with trust, ye weavers, then:
And draw straight furrows, farming men,
And, with good grace and no hard knocks,
Take justice for a Christmas box.
This is now the winter time.

Remember, workers, then,
That none should starve while others have,
That Christ in winter came to save,
And, but in no alms-giving way,
Accept your rights on New Year's day.
This is now the winter time,

My gallant working men.

Goodwyn Barmby (1820-1881).

#### IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

HEY gave to thee

Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before thy majesty,
Whom thou redeem'dst when we were sold?

We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither:

Vile dirt and clay;
Yet it is soft, and may
Impression take.

Accept it, Lord, and say, 'This thou hadst rather.'
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine.

Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), Bishop of Down and Connor.

## ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

HIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring:
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

See how from far upon the Eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

John Milton (1608-1674).

#### GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

HE Angels sung, and thus sing we:
'To God on high all glory be:
Let him on earth his peace bestow,
And unto men his favour show.'

George Wither (1588–1667).



After CORREGGIO (Milan, Brera Gallery)



#### THE BURNING BABE

Stood shiveringe in the snow,
Surprised I was with sodayne heat,
Which made my hart to glowe;

And liftinge upp a fearefull eye
To vewe what fire was nere,
A prety Babe all burninge bright
Did in the ayre appeare;

Who scorched with excessive heate
Such floodes of tears did shedd,
As though his floodes should quench his flames
Which with his tears were fedd.

'Alas!' quoth he, 'but newly borne, In fiery heates I frye, Yet none approch to warme their hartes, Or feele my fire but I.

My faultles brest the fornace is,
The fuell woundinge thornes;
Love is the fire, and sighes the smoke,
The ashes shame and scornes.

The fuell Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blowes the coales;
The mettall in this fornace wrought
Are men's defiled soules;

For which, as now on fire I am,
To worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To washe them in my bloode.'

With that he vanisht out of sight, And swiftly shroncke away, And straight I called unto mind That it was Christmas Daye.

Robert Southwell (1560-1593).

#### SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS

The moss in tufts of liveliest green;
When Roger to the wood pile goes,
And, as he turns, his fingers blows;
When all around is cold and drear,
Be sure that CHRISTMAS-TIDE is near.

When up the garden walk in vain
We seek for Flora's lovely train;
When the sweet hawthorn bower is bare,
And bleak and cheerless is the air;
When all seems desolate around,
Christmas advances o'er the ground.

When Tom at eve comes home from plough, And brings the misletoe's green bough, With milk-white berries spotted o'er, And shakes it the sly maids before, Then hangs the trophy up on high, Be sure that Christmas-tide is nigh.

When Hal, the woodman, in his clogs Brings home the huge unwieldy logs, That, hissing on the smould'ring fire, Flame out at last a quiv'ring spire; When in his hat the holly stands, Old Christmas musters up his bands.

When cluster'd round the fire at night, Old William talks of ghost and sprite, And, as a distant out-house gate Slams by the wind, they fearful wait, While some each shadowy nook explore, Then Christmas pauses at the door.

When Dick comes shiv'ring from the yard, And says, 'The pond is frozen hard,' While from his cap, all white with snow, The moisture trickling drops below; While Carols sound, the night to cheer, Then Christmas and his train are here.

Wm. Hone's Year Book, n.d., p. 748.1

<sup>1</sup> Taken from Edwin Ley's Christmas and the New Year—a masque by the fireside—(Worcestre) 2nd Edition.

#### A CRADLE SONG

USH, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy Angels guard thy bed!
Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide; Here, without thy care or payment, All thy wants are well supplied. How much better thou'rt attended Than the Son of God could be, When from heaven he descended, And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky:
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With the Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing:
Lovely Infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the Mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the Holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger, Where the horned oxen fed; Peace, my darling, here's no danger: Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days:
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise!

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

#### an audlaus 3DL au

Molcum 30l, thou mery man, In worchepe of this holy day.

DLCUM be thu, heuene kyng, wolcum, born yn on morwenyng, wolcum, for hom we ral fyng: wolcum zol.

Molcum be ye, stefne and ion: wolcum, innocentes everychon: wolcum, thomas, marter on: wolcum zol.

Molcum be ye, good newe zere: wolcum, twelthe day, bothe in fere: wolcum, feyntes lef & dere: wolcum zol.

Molcum be ye, candylmeffe: wolcum be ye, qwyn of blys: wolcum both to more & leffe: wolcum zol.

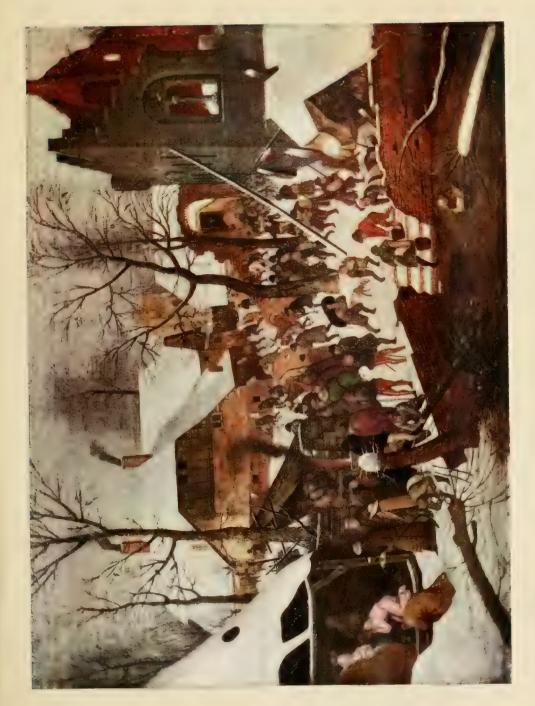
Ulolcum be ye that arn here: wolcum alle, & mak good chere: wolcum alle another zere: wolcum zol.

Sloane MS. 2593, f. 79 vo.

#### NO ROOM IN THE INN

ET if his majesty, our sovran lord, Should of his own accord Friendly himself invite, And say, 'I'll be your guest tomorrow night,' How should we stir ourselves, call and command All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand: Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall. See they be fitted all: Let there be room to eat. And order taken that there want no meat. See every sconce and candlestick made bright, That without tapers they may give a light. Look to the presence: are the carpets spread, The dais o'er the head. The cushions in the chairs, And all the candles lighted on the stairs? Perfume the chambers, and in any case Let each man give attendance in his place.' Thus, if the king were coming, would we do, And 'twere good reason too; For 'tis a duteous thing To show all honour to an earthly king, And after all our travail and our cost. So he be pleased, to think no labour lost. But, at the coming of the King of heaven, All's set at six and seven: We wallow in our sin. Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn. We entertain him always like a stranger, And, as at first, still lodge him in the manger.

A. H. Bullen's Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books, p. 187. From Christ Church MS. K.3, 43-45 (Music by Thomas Ford).



After P. BRUEGHFI. (Amsterdam, Rijks Muccum)



#### A CHRISTMAS CAROLL

Chor. HAT sweeter musick can we bring
Then a Caroll, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! awake the string!
Heart, eare, and eye, and every thing
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

- 1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away, And give the honour to this day That sees December turn'd to May.
- 2. If we ask the reason, say
  The why and wherefore all things here
  Seem like the spring-time of the year.
- 3. Why do's the chilling winter morne
  Smile like a field beset with corne,
  Or smell like to a mead new-shorne,
  Thus on the sudden? 4. Come and see
  The cause why things thus fragrant be:
  'Tis he is borne, whose quick'ning birth
  Gives life and luster, publick mirth
  To heaven, and the under-earth.

Chor. We see him come, and know him ours, Who with his sun-shine and his showers Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

The darling of the world is come;And fit it is we finde a roomeTo welcome him. 2. The nobler partOf all the house here is the heart,

Chor. Which we will give him, and bequeath This hollie, and this ivie wreath,
To do him honour, who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674).

#### MEW PRINCE, NEW POMPE

EHOULD a sely tender Babe
In freesing winter nighte
In homely manger trembling lies:
Alas, a piteous sighte.

The inns are full, no man will yelde
This little Pilgrime bedd:
But forced he is with sely beastes
In cribb to shroude his headd.

Despise not him for lyinge there,
First what he is enquire:
An orient perle is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Waye not his cribb, his wodden dishe,
Nor beastes that by him feede:
Waye not his Mother's poore attire,
Nor Josephe's simple weede.

This stable is a Prince's courte,
The cribb his chaire of state:
The beastes are parcell of his pompe,
The wodden dishe his plate.

The parsons in that poor attire
His royall liveries weare:
The Prince himself is come from heaven,
This pompe is prisèd there.

With ioy approach, O Christen wighte, Do homage to thy Kinge: And highly prise his humble pompe, Which he from heaven doth bring.

Robert Southwell (1560-1593).

#### TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD A

O, prettie child, and beare this flow'r Unto thy little Saviour: And tell him, by that bud now blown, He is the Rose of Sharon known: When thou hast said so, stick it there Upon his bibb, or stomacher: And tell him, for good handsell too, That thou hast brought a whistle new. Made of a clean strait oaten reed. To charm his cries at time of need: Tell him, for corall, thou hast none; But if thou hadst, he sho'd have one: But poore thou art, and knowne to be Even as monilesse as he. Lastly, if thou canst, win a kisse From those mellifluous lips of his; Then never take a second on To spoile the first impression.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674).

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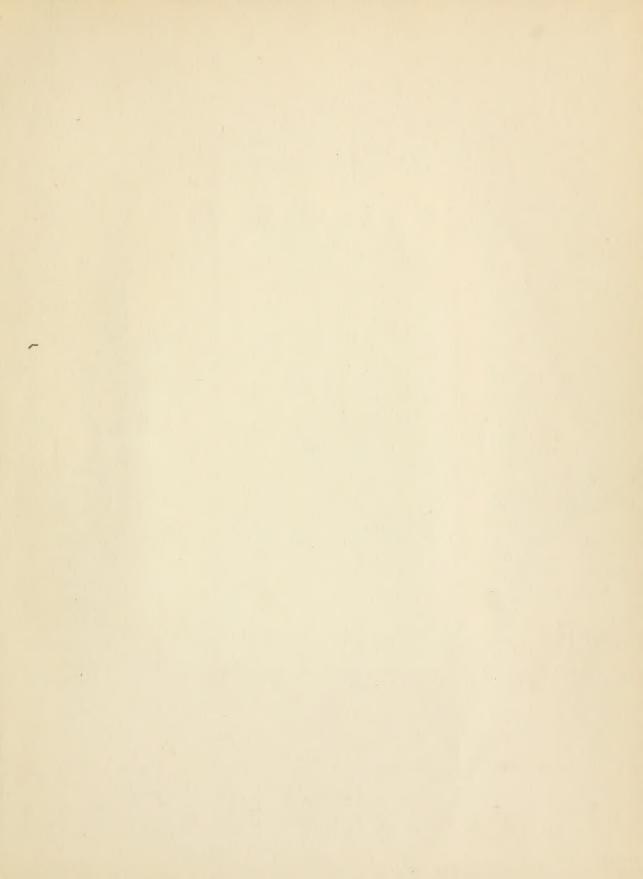
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